He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming. *Ent.* Caſ.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou think'ſt,
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and Iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; --minion, your deare lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder

Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.

Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine.

Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.

Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons,

Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.

Iag.

Iag. What's the matter.

Grat. This is *Othello's* A

Lod. The ſame indeed,

Iag. What are you here

Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'
Giue me ſome helpe.

Iag. O my Leiutenant:

Caſ. I thinke the one of
And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villa
What are you there? com

Rod. O helpe me here.

Caſ. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous ſlaue

Rod. O dambd *Iago*, O i

Ia. Kill him i'the dark? w
How ſilent is this Towne?
What may you be, are you

Lod. As you ſhall proue

Iag. Seiguior *Lodouico*.

Lod. He ſir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: h

Grat. *Caſsio*.

Iag. How is it brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in tw

Iag. Mary heauen forb
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind

Enter Bia

Bian. What is the matt

Iag. Who iſt that cried.

Bian. O my deare *Caſsio*

Iag. O notable ſtrumpe
Who they ſhould be, that th

Caſ. No.

Gra. I am ſorry to find y

Bian. Alas he faints, O

Iag. Gentlemen all, I d

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